Pri. Faith, tel me now in carneſt, how came Falſtaffs ſword ſo hackt?

Peto Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garmentes with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, & yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince* I do.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my ſweet creature of bõbaſt, how long is't ago, Iack, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermás thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing & griefe, it blows a man vp like a bladder. There's villenous newes abroad, heere was ſir Iohn Braby from your father: you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, & hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, & ſwore the deuill his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the ſprighty Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll killes a ſparrow flying.

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did hé neuer the ſp

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath g runne.

Prince Why what a raſcal ar running?

Fal. A horſebacke (ye cucko afoote.

Prince Yes Iack, vpon inſtin

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſtin Mordake, and a thouſand blew away to night, thy fathers bear you may buy land now as chea

Prin Then tis like, if there c buffetting hold, we ſhall buy n nailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſſe lad, thou ſai good trading that way, but tell feard? thou being heire apparan out three ſuch enemies againe, Percy, and that diuell *Glendower* doth not thy bloud thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit y faith, I la

Fal. Wel, thou wilt bee ho thou cõmeſt to thy father: if th ſwer.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for m the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this cha ger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion

Prince. Thy ſtate is taken for a ter, for a leaden dagger, and thy p tifull bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of gra now ſhalt thou bee moued. Gi mine eyes looke redde, that it for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and vaine.

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